

CYPRID  
AND  
DEATH

*Collected  
A Perfect.*

*1679.*  
Private Entertainment, represented

WITH  
SCENES,  
VARIETY OF  
DANCING,  
AND  
MUSICK,  
BOTH  
VOCALL & INSTRUMENTALL.

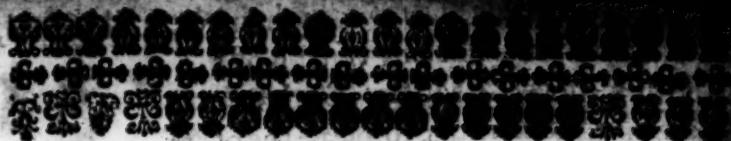
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Written By *F. S.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for *John Crooke* and *John Playford*, and  
to be sold at their Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard.





## THE SCENE

*A Forest, on the side of a Hill a faire house  
representing an Inne or Taverne, out of  
which cometh an Host, being a jolly sprightly  
old man; his Cap turn'd up with Crin-  
son; his Doublet Fustian, with Jerkin  
and hanging sleeves, Trunk Hose  
Russet, Stockings yellow, cross gartered  
after him a Chamberlain.*

## FIRST ENTRY.



*O. Are all things in their preparation  
For my immortall guests?*

*Ch. Nothing is wanting  
That doth concern my Province sir, I  
Your Officer above staires. The great Chamber  
With the two wooden Monuments to sleep in.  
(That weigh six load of Timber, sir) are ready.*

*A 3.*

That for the sake D'amour, whom we call Cupid,  
I have trimm'd artificially with Roses,  
And his Mother's Mistle. But I have  
Committed Sacriledge to please the other,  
Death does delight in Ew, and I have rob'd  
A Church-yard for him: Are you sure they'l come  
To night? I would fain see this Dwarf call'd Cupid,  
For t'other I look on him in my fancy,  
Like a star'd Goblin.

Ho. Death I must confesse,  
Cuts not so many inches in the Say  
As our last Venison, 'tis a thin-chap'd hound,  
And yet the Cormorant is ever feeding.

Ch. Good sir resolve me,  
Are they good: upon what Guests will they ripple  
To elevation? do they scatter metall  
Upon the VVaiters? will they rore, and fancy  
The Drawers, and the Fiddles, till their pockets  
Are empty as our neighbours drone? and after  
Drop by degrees their wardrobe? and in the morning,  
VVhen they have day-light to behold their nakedness,  
VVill they with confidence amaze the streets?  
And in their shirts, to save their pickel'd credits,  
Pretend a Race, and trip it like fell footmen?  
These rantings were the Badges of our Gentry,  
But all their dancing daies are done I fear.

Ho. These were the garbs, and motions late in fashion  
With humorous mortalls; but these guests are of  
A humane race.

Ch.



*Ch.* Pray what attendance have they?

*Ho.* Love has two  
Gentlemen, that wait on him in his Chamber,  
Of speciall trust, he cannot act without them.

*Ch.* Their names sir, I beseech you?

*Ho.* *Folly* and *Madness*.

*Ch.* A pair of precious instruments,  
Sure they are well descended sir.

*Ho.* The fool

Could ride a hundred mile in his own Pedegree,  
And give as many Coats—

*Ch.* Fooles coats, there are  
Enough to weare them.

*Ho.* As he had acres in  
Eleven fat Lordships,  
And plaid at duck and drake with Gold, like Pibbles.

*Ch.* Was this man born a fool?

*Ho.* No, but his keeping  
Company with Philosophers undid him,  
Who found him out a Mistis they call'd *Fame*,  
And made him spend halfe his estate in Libraries,  
Which he bestowed on Colledges, tooke the toy  
Of building Quadrangles, kept open house,  
And fell at last most desperately in love.

VVith a poor dairy maid, for which he was beg'd—

*Ch.* A Foole?

*Ho.* And leads the the Van in *Cupid's* Regiment.

*Ch.* VVhat was the Mad man sir?

*Ho.*

**Ho.** A Thing was born to a very fair *per annum*,  
And spent it all in Looking-glasses.

**Ch.** How?

That's a project I never heard on, Looking-glasses?  
How many did he break sir in a day? (ing;

**Ho.** They broke him rather, in the right understand-  
For Nature having given him a good face,

The man grew wilde with his own admirations,

And spent his full means upon Flatterers,

That represented him next to an Angell.

Thus blown up, he tooke confidence to court

A Lady of noble blood, and swelling fortune;

Within three daies fell sick of the small Pox,

And on the fourth run mad, with the conceit

His face, when he recover'd, would be like

A countrey Cake, from which some Children had

New pick'd the plumm.

**Ch.** A brace of pretty Beagles.

**Ho.** They are here.

**Ch.** I see not Death.

**Ho.** He's the last thing we look for.

Enter

(V)  
Enter Cupid, Folly, Madnesse; the Hoste  
joynes with them in a Dance.

SONG.

**T**hough little be the God of Love,  
Yet his Arrows mighty are,  
And his Victories above  
What the valiant reach by War,  
Nor are his limits with the skie,  
O're the milky way he'll fly,  
And sometimes wound a Dierie.  
Apollo once the Python slew,  
But a keener Arrow flew  
From Daphne's eye, and made a wound  
For which the God no Balsome found;  
One smile of Venus too did more  
On Mars, than Armies could before;  
If a warme fit thus pull him down,  
How will she ague-shake him with a frown;  
Thus Love can fiery spirits tame,  
And when he please cold Rocks inflame.

Enter Death, he danceth the second Entrie,  
after which he speakes.

De. Holla! within!

Enter Chamberlain.

Ch. You are welcome Gentlemen; ha?

B

Quarter,

Quarter, oh quarter, I am a friend sir,  
A moveable belonging to this Tenement  
Where you are expected, *Cupid* is come already,  
And supp'd, and almost drunk, We ha' reserv'd  
According to order, for your palate, sir,  
The Cockatrice Eggs, the cold Toud-Pie,  
Ten dozen of Spiders and Adders tongues  
Your servant *Famine*, sir, bespoke.

*De.* Live, live. *Exit.*

*Ch.* I thanke you sir; a curse upon his Physnomy;  
How was I surpriz'd 'twas high time to comfort me,  
I felt my life was melting downward.

*Death*, oh *Death*. *within.*

*Ch.* Who's that? I do not like the voice. What art?

*Enter Despair with a Halter.*

*Des.* A miserable thing.

*Ch.* I, so thou seem'st;  
Ha'st not a name?

*Des.* My name, sir, is *Despair*.

*Ch.* *Despair*, my time's not come yet, what have I  
To do with thee? what com'st thou hither for?

*Des.* To find out *Death*; Life is a burthen to me;  
I have pursu'd all Paths to find him out;  
And here ith' Forrest had a glimpse on him;  
But could not reach him with my feet, or voice;  
I would fain dye, but *Death* flies from me, sir.

*Ch.* I wonder you should travell in the Forest,

An

(77)  
And among so many Trees find none convenient,  
Having the tackling ready, 'bout your neck too.  
Some great affairs take up the Devils time,  
He cannot sure attend these low employments,  
Hee's busie 'bout Leviathans. I know not, (sure.  
Ther's something in't, you have not made your VWill

Def. Yes sir, I carry it wo' me, it wants nothing  
But his name, and my subscription.

Ch. VVhose name?

Def. His name I mean to make my Heir.

Ch. VVhose that?

Def. That charitable man  
VVill bring Death to me, there's a blank left for him,  
And if you please to do me, sir, the office,  
Even you shall be the man; I have profest  
An Usurerer this fifty years, and upwards,  
The VVidows and sad Orphans, whose estates  
I have devoured, are croaking in my Conscience.

Ch. And shall he be your Heir that does this feat?  
To make you acquainted with this Canniball  
You talk of?

Def. Oh my happiness.

Ch. He do it.  
But I believe you are sorry for your baseness,  
Your Rapines and Extortions....

Def. Mistake not,  
am sorry for no mischief I have done,  
That would come neer Repentance, which you know

B 2

Cures



(8)  
Cures all the akinges of the Soul. If I  
Could but be sorry, Death were of no use to me.

Ch. Keep ye of that mind, you say very right sir,  
I'll try what I can do

With Death, to do your Conscience a courtesy,  
He's now within our house, I'll bring you pen  
And ink to write my name too, honest Father.

Des. Thou art my dearest child, take all my blessings.

Ch. Here's like to be a Fortune. *Exit.*

Des. I want strength  
To climb, I see a very pretty twig else *He climbs*  
And space for a most comfortable swing,

'Tis a hard case the Devill will not help  
At a dead lift. *He falls.*

O my Sciatica.

I have broke my spectacles, and both my hips  
Are out of joint, help---

*Enter Chamberlain with a bottle of Wine.*

Ch. Death will be with you presently, the last course  
Is now on the Table that you may not think  
The time long, I have brought you - ha? rise up sir:

Des. Alas, I have had a fall, I was indeavouring  
To do the meritorious work, and hang  
My self, for Death me thought was long a coming,  
But my foot slipt.

Ch. Alas what pitty it was  
If I had thought your Soul had been in such  
Haste, I would have given you a lift before  
I went.

Des.



(9)  
Des. It was my zeal.

Ch. Alas it seemed so,

You might have tooke the River with more ease,  
The stream would have convey'd you down so gently,  
You should not feel which way your soul was going.  
But against the frights, *Death* might bring with him;  
I have brought you a bottle of wine. I'll begin fir.

Des. Would it were poyson.

*He  
drinks,*

Ch. So would not I, I thank you,

'Tis pure blood of the Grape.

Des. Wine?

Ch. At my charge, I know you do not use  
To pay for Nectar,  
I bestow it fir.

Des. That's kindly said, I care not if I taste---

Ch. I th' mean time please you, I'll peruse the Will,  
I can put in my own name, and make it fit  
For your subscription --- what's here? --- *Reads.*  
Ha? a thousand pound in Jewells --- in ready money  
Ten thousand more --- Land --- ha' preserve my senses.  
I'll write my name and thank Heaven afterwards.

--- Here fir, before you can subscribe, the Gentleman  
Will come and kill you to your hearts content. (d'ee

Des. Hum! this foolish wine has warm'd me, what  
Call the name of this?

Ch. Sack.

Des. Sack, my son ---

Ch. Nay fir make hast, for *Death* will be here instantly.

B 3

Des.

Def. At his own leisure, I would not be troublesome,  
Now I do know his lodging, I can come  
Another time.

Ch. But the VVill Father, you may write now--

Def. Deeds are not vigorous without legall witnesses;  
My Scrivener lives at the next Town, and I  
Do find my body in a disposition  
To walk a mile or two. Sack d'ee call it?  
How strangely it does alter my opinion?

Ch. VVhy? have you no mind to hang your self?

Def. I thank you,

I find no inclination.

Ch. Sha' not I be your Heir then?

Def. In the humour

And spirit I now feel in Brain and Body,  
I may live---to see you hang'd; I thank you heartily.

Ch. But you will have the conscience, I hope,  
To pay me for the wine, has wrought this miracle.

Def. Your free gift I remember, you know, I use not  
To pay for Nectar, as you call it. Yet

I am not without purpose to be gratefull,

Some things shall be corrected in my VVill,

In the mean time, if you'l accept of a <sup>Gives him</sup>  
Small Legacy, this Hemp is at your service, <sup>the Halter.</sup>

And it shall cost you nothing, I assure it.

VVe men of money, worn with cares,

Drink in new life, from VVine, it costs us nothing.

Farewell,

(31)  
Farewell, and learn this Lesson from Despair,  
Give not your Father Sack to be his Heir.

Ch. Not a tear left? would's brains were in the bottle.

Exit.

## S O N G.

**V**ictorious men of Earth, no more  
Proclaime how wide your Empires are;  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
as Night or Day,  
Yet you proud Monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the croud of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,  
Each able to undo Man-kind,  
Death's servile Emissaries are,  
Nor to these alone confin'd,  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle waies to kill.  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

Enter

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Ch.* Ho Master, Master:

*Enter Hoste.*

*Ho.* What's the matter?

*Ch.* Nothing but to ask you, whether you be  
Alive or no, or whether I am not  
My own ghost, that thus walk and haunt your house.

*Ho.* Thou lookest frighted.

*Ch.* *Death* and his train are gone;  
I thank Heaven he's departed; I slept not  
Onewink to Night, nor durst I pray aloud;  
For fear of waking *Death*; but he, at Midnight,  
Calls for a Cup to quench his thirst; a Bowl  
Of Blood I gave him for a mornings draught,  
And had and Ague all the while he drank it.  
At parting, in my own defence, and hope  
To please him, I desired to kisse his hand,  
Which was so cold, o'th' sudden sir, my mouth  
Was frozen up, which as the *Cure* stood  
Then with my Teeth, did me a benefit,  
And kept the dancing bones from leaping out,  
At length, fearing for ever to be speechless,  
I us'd the strength of both my hands to open  
My lips, and now feel'd every word I spake  
Drop from it like an Icy

*Ho.* This cold  
Fit will be over; what said *Cupid*?

*Ch.*

*Ch.* He  
Was fast asleep.

*Ho.* The Boy went drunk to bed,  
*Death* did not wake him?

*Ch.* It was not necessary in point of reckoning.  
*Death* was as free as any Emperour,

And payes all where he comes, *Death* quits all scores.  
I have the *summa totalis* in my pocket.

But he without more ceremony left  
The house at morning twilight.

*Ho.* Ha? they knock ——— *Exit*  
Get thee a cup of Wine to warm thy intralls. *Chamb.*  
Though *Love* himself be but a water-drinker,  
His train allow themselves rich Wines. Your Fool  
And Madman is your onely guests to Taverns,  
And to Excesse; this Licence time affords,  
When Masters pay, their servants drink like lords.

### *Enter Chamberlin.*

*Ch.* Sir, they call for you, *Cupid's* up, and ready.  
And looks as fresh, as if he had known no surfeit  
Of Virgins tears, for whose fair satisfaction,  
He broke his Leaden shafts, and vows hereafter  
To shoot all flames of love into their servants.  
There are some Musick come, to give his godship  
Good morrow, so he means to hear one Song,  
And then he takes his Progress.

*Ho.* I attend him. *Exit.*

*Ch.* But I have made my own revenge upon him,  
For the hard-hearted baggage that he sent me;  
And *Death* I have sent a word for all his huffing.  
They think not what Artillery they carry  
Along with them, I have chang'd their Arrows.



How *Death* will fret to see his fury cozen'd ?  
But how will *Love* look pale, when he shall find  
What a Mortality his Arrows make  
Among the Lovers ? let the God look to't,  
I have put it past my care, and not expect  
To see them agen, or should I meet with *Death*,  
I shall not fear him now ; for *Cupid*, if  
Lovers must onely by his Arrows fall,  
I'm safe, for Ladies I defie you all.

S O N G.

**S**TAY *Cupid*, whither art thou flying?  
Pitty the pale Lovers dying.  
They that honour'd thee before,  
Will no more

At thy Altar pay their vows.

O let the weeping Virgins strow,  
In stead of Rose, and Myrtle boughs,  
Sad Ew, and funeral Cypress now.

Unkind *Cupid* leave thy killing,

These are all thy Mothers Doves;

Oh do not wound such noble Loves;

And make them bleed that should be billing.

The



The Scene is changed into a pleasant Garden, a Fountain in the midst of it. Walks and Arbours, delightfully exprest, in divers places, Ladies lamenting over their Lovers slain by *Cupid*, who is discover'd flying in the Aire.

---

*Enter a Lover playing upon a Lute,  
Courting his Mistris ;  
they dance.*

*Enter Nature in a white Robe, a Chaplet  
of Flowers, a green Mantle fringed  
with Gold, her hair loose they  
start and seem troubled at  
her Entrance.*

*Nat.* Flye, flie my Children, love that should preserve  
And warm your hearts, with kind and active  
Is now become your enemy, a murderer.  
This Garden that was once your entertainment

With all the beauty of the Spring is now  
 By some strange curse upon the shafts of *Cupid*,  
 Design'd to be a Grave; look every where  
 The noble Lovers on the ground lie bleeding,  
 By frantick *Cupid* slain; into whose wounds,  
 Distracted Virgins pour their tears so fast,  
 That having drain'd their fountains, they present  
 Their own pale Monuments; while I but relate  
 This story, see, more added to the dead.  
 Oh flie and save your selves, I am your Parent  
*Nature*, that thus advise you to your safeties.

*Enter Cupid, he strikes the  
 Lover.*

He's come already.

*Lover*. Ha! what Winter creeps  
 Into my heart?

*Na*. He faints, 'tis now too late,  
 Some kinder God call back the winged Boy,  
 And give him eyes to look upon his murders.  
*Nature* grows stiff with horror of this spectacle;  
 If it be Death to love, what will it be  
 When *Death* it self must act his cruelty?

*Enter Death.*

And here he comes, what Tragedies are next?

*Enter*

*Enter old Men and Women  
with Cruiches.*

*Ns.* Two aged pair, these will be fit for death,  
They can expect but a few minutes more  
To wear the heavy burden of their lives.

*Death strikes them with his Arrow, they admiring one another, let fall their Cruiches, and embrace.*

*Exit Death.*

*Ns.* Astonishment to Nature, they throw off  
All their infirmities, as young men do  
Their aery upper garments. These were the  
Effects of Cupids Shafts, prodigious change!  
I have not patience to behold 'em longer.

*Exit.*

*They dance with Antique postures, expressing  
Rurall Courtship.*

SONG.

**V** What will it Death advance thy name:  
Upon cold Rocks to waste a flame,  
Or by mistake to throw  
Bright Tarchets into pits of Snow?  
Thy rage is lost,  
And thy old killing Frost;

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*With thy Arrows thou maist try  
To make the young or aged bleed,  
But indeed  
Not compell one heart to die.*

CHORUS.

*O Love! oh Death! be it your fate  
Before you both repent too late  
to meet and trie  
Upon your selves, your sad Artillerie.  
So Death may make Love kind again,  
Or cruell Death by Love be slain.*

---

**Enter six Gentlemen armed as in the field  
to fight three against three ; To them  
Death, He strikes them with his Ar-  
row, and they preparing to charge,  
meet one another, and embrace.**

*They dance.*

SONG.

**C***hange, oh change your fatall bow,  
Since neither know  
The vertue of each others Darts,  
Alas, what will become of hearts*

*If*

If it prove  
 A Death to Love,  
 We shall find  
 Death will be cruell to be kind:  
 For when he shall to Armies fly,  
 Where men think blood too cheap to buy  
 Themselves a name,  
 He reconciles them, and deprives  
 The valiant men of more then lives,  
 A Victory, and Fame.  
 Whilst Love deceiv'd by these cold shafts, in speed,  
 Of curing wounded hearts, must kill indeed.

CHORUS.

Take pitty Gods, some ease the world will find;  
 To give young Cupid eyes, or strike Death blind.  
 Death should not then have his own will.  
 And Love, by seeing men bleed, leave off to kill.

Enter Chamberlin leading two Apes.

Ch. Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes,  
 All you that delight to be merry come see  
 My brace of Court Apes, for a need we be three;  
 I have left my old trade of up and down stairs  
 And now live by leading my Apes unto Fairs.  
 Will you have any sport? draw your money, be quick sir,  
 And then come aloft Fack, they shall shew you a trick sir.

Now, am I in my Naturall Condition,  
 For I was born under a wandring Planet;  
 I durst no longer stay with my old Master,

For fear *Cupid* and *Death* be reconcil'd  
To their own Arrows, and so renew with me  
Some precious acquaintance.

*Enter Death, He strikes the  
Chamberlin.*

*Ch.* Oh, my heart,

'Twas *Death* I fear, I am paid then with a vengeance;  
My dear Apes do not leave me, ha? come neer--  
What goodly shapes they have, what lovely faces!  
Ye Twins of beauty, where were all those graces  
Obscur'd so long? what Cloud did interpose  
I could not see before this Lip, this Nose?  
These eyes: that do invite all hearts to wooe, them,  
Brighter then Stars; Ladies are nothing to them,  
Oh let me here pay down a Lovers duty;  
Who is so mad to dote on Womans beauty?  
Nature doth here bez own complexion spread,  
No borrow'd Ornaments of white and red;  
These cheeks were no adulterate mixtures on them,  
To make them blush as some do, fie upon them!  
Look what fair cherries on their Lips do grow?  
Black cherries, such as none of you can show,  
That boast your beauties, let me kiss your a—

*Enter*



*Enter a Satyr, that strikes him on the shoulder,  
and takes away his Apes.*

What's that? a shot i' th' shoulder too? ha!  
What will become of me now? oh my Apes!  
The Darlings of my heart are ravish'd from me.

*He beckons, and courts them  
back with passionate postures.*

No: not yet? nor yet hard-hearted Apes?

I must despair for ever to enjoy them.

*Despair? that name puts me in mind,*

*He looks in his pocket,  
and pulls out the Wallet.*

'Tis here;

Welcome dear Legacy, I see he was

A Prophet that bestowed it; now it fits me.

As well as if the Hangman had took measure.

'Tis honour in some men to fight and die

In their fair Ladies' quarter; and shall I

Be 'fraid to hang my self in such a cause?

Farewell my pretty Apes, when Hemp is us'd

Drop tears apace, and I am satisfi'd.

(127)  
*A Dance of the Satyre and Apes.*

Upon the sudden a solemn Musick is  
heapt, and *Mercury* seen descend-  
ing upon a Cloud, at whose ap-  
proach the other creep in amazed.  
In a part of the Scene within a Bow-  
er, *Nature* discover'd sleeping.

*Mer.* Hence ye prophane, and take your dwellings up  
Within some Cave, that never saw the Sun,  
Whose Beams grow pale, and sick to look upon you.  
This place be sacred to more noble Objects.  
And see where *Nature* tir'd with her Complaints  
To Heaven for *Death*, and *Cupid's* Tyranny  
Upon a bank of smiling Flowers lies sleeping.  
Cares that devour the peace of other bolomes,  
Have by an over charge of sorrow wrought  
Her heart into a calm, where every sense  
Is bound up in a soft repose, and silence;  
Be her Dreams all of me. But to my Embassie.

Cupid, wheresoe'r thou be,  
The Gods lay their commands on thee,  
In pain of being banish'd to  
The unfrequented shades below  
At my first summons to appear.  
Cupid, Cupid.

*Enter*

## Enter Cupid.

*Cup.* I am here,  
 What send the Gods by *Mercury*?  
*Mer.* Thy shame and horrour, I remove  
 This mist. *He unblinds him,*  
 Now see in every Grove  
 What slaughter thou hast made, all these  
 Fond *Cupid* were thy Votaries,  
 Does not their blood make thine look pale?  
 All slain by thee, 'two' not prevaill  
 To urge mistakes, thy fact appears  
*Fare,* and the Gods have bow'd their ears  
 To groining *Nature*, and sent me  
 From their high Christall Thrones to see  
 What blood, like a dire Vapour rise,  
 Doth spread his wings to blind the eyes  
 Of Heaven and Day, and to declare  
 Their Justice and Immortall care  
 Over the lower world, but stay  
 Another must his fate obey.

Death heretofore, the look'd-for close  
 To tedious life, the long repose  
 To wearied Nature, and the gate  
 That leads to Mans eternall fate,  
 I in the name of every God,  
 Command thee from thy dark abroad,  
 As thou wilt fly their wrath appear  
 At my first Summon

D

Enter

## Enter Death.

*De.* I am here.

*Mer.* Nature awake, and with thy sleep  
Shake off the heavy Chains that keep  
Thy Soul a Captive.

*Nat.* Mercury?

Or am I still in Dreams?

*Mer.* Thy Eye

Take truce with sleep, see much abus'd  
Nature, whom thou hast long accus'd  
Leave thy wonder, and attend  
What the Gods by *Hermes* send.  
But first I charge you to resign  
Your fatal Shafts:

*Cup.* I, these are mine.

*They charge.*

*Mer.* *Cupid*, the Gods do banish thee  
From every palace, thou must be  
Confin'd to Cottages, to poor  
And humble Cells, Love must no more  
Appear in Princes Courts, their heart  
Impenetrable by thy Dart,  
And from softer influence free  
By their own wills must guided be.  
*Cup.* I shall obey.

*Mer.* *Death*, thou must still  
Exercise thy power to kill,  
With this limit, that thy rage  
Presume not henceforth to engage  
On Persons, in whose breast, divine  
Marks of Art, or Honour shine;

Upon

(29)  
Upon these, if thy malice trie,  
They may bleed, but never die;  
These are not to be overcome,  
Above the force of Age or Tomb.

Is *Nature* pleas'd?

*Na.* The Gods are just.

*Mer.* To this you both submit?

*C.D.* We must.

*Mer.* Ye are dismiss.

*Exeunt.*

*Nat.* But *Mercury*,  
What satisfaction shall I have  
For noble Children in the Grave  
By *Cupid* slain?

*Mer.* They cannot be  
Reduc'd to live again with thee,  
And could thy fancy entertain  
In what blest seats they now remain,  
Thou wouldst not wish them here.

*Na.* Might I  
With some knowledge bless my eye,  
*Nature* would put on Youth.

*Mer.* Then see  
Their blest condition.

(18)  
The Scene is changed into *Elizium*, where  
the grand Masquers, the slain Lovers  
appear in glorious Seats and Habits.

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*Na.* Where am I?  
The World no such Perfection yields.  
*Mer.* These are the fair *Elizian* fields.

### SONG.

**O** Pen blest *Elizium* Grove,  
Where an eternall Spring of Love  
Keeps each beauty fair, these shades  
No chill Dew or Frost invades;  
Look how the Flowers, and every Tree  
Pregnant with Ambrosia be;  
Neer banks of Violet Springs appear,  
Weeping out Nectar every tear;  
While the once harmonious Sphears,  
(turn'd all to ears)  
Now listen to the Birds, whose Quire  
Sing every charming Accent hither.

### CHORUS.

If this place be not Heaven, one thought can make it,  
And Gods by their own wonder led, mistake it.

*Na.*



*Nat.* Oh, who shall guide me hence? old *Natures* light  
Grows feeble at the brightnesse of this glory.

*Mer.* I will be *Natures* conduct.

*Nat.* *Mercury* ————— be ever honour'd.

*Exeunt.*

*The Grand Dances.*

*Enter Mercury.*

*Mer.* Return, return you happy men  
To your own blessed Shades agen,  
Lest staying long, some new desire  
In your calm bolomes raise a fire;  
Here are some Eyes, whose every beam  
May your wandring hearts inflame,  
And make you forfeit your cool Groves,  
By being false to your first Loves.  
Like a Perfuming gale o' Flowers,  
Now glide again to your own Bowers.

*The Curtain falls.*

*F I N I S.*

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